Mr. Brownstone

by

Seung Cho

AOL news

Cast of Characters

John.....17
Jane.....17
Joe.....17
Mr. Brownstone.....45
Casino workers

Setting
Casino

AOL news

Mr. Brownstone

ACT ONE

Scene One

(They each sit in front of slot machine.)

JANE
Can't believe we got through using the fake ID.

JOHN
I've always wanted to come to the casino.

JOE
Yeah. Finally a cool place to hang out where we won't be constantly bushwhacked.

JOHN
Uh! After a long ravishing day at school, we just want to be left alone.

JANE
There is like no safe place for us to hang out. We can't hang out in front of the grocery store, we can't hang out at the park, we can't hang out in the street. The only place where we are safe from that him is behind the shitty dumpster.

JOHN
Mr. Brownstone.

JOE
That old fart just won't leave us alone.

JANE
He has to make our lives miserable.

JOHN
I'd like to kill him.

JANE
I'll be damn if he doesn't die. I wish that old fart would have a heart attack and drop dead like old people are supposed to.

AOL news

JOHN
Make room for the new generation, you old fart!

JOE
All he does is follow us around and nag and threaten us.

JANE
Doesn't he have anything better to do?

JOHN
I don't think he does. He's like a parasite. He lives off of the misery he inflicts on us.

JOE
If he's a leech we'll be able to yank it off and squash him beneath our boots. But he a full grown man.

JOHN
A freakin' teacher.

JANE
A *teacher*. Oh god.

JOE
That man has no sense of decency.

JOHN
Eight hours a day is enough.

JANE
What more does he want from us, always stalking us around. We're just kids. Leave us alone damn it.

JOE
Such a wicked old flapper.

JANE
Giving me a D when I only forgot to turn in two homeworks.

JOE
Coming over to my house and talking to my mom for laughing that I don't have phone service yet in my new house.

JOHN
Giving me an after school detention and ass-raping me for make a harmless joke.

AOL news

JOE
Oh. You mean that joke about his name?

JOHN
I just said that his name sounds like kidney stone of the ass and that that's why he is always gruffy and angry. His shit is so thick and so oddly shaped that he can't go and all his shit are piled up in his intestines all the way up to his chest. He probably rips his sphincter to relieve a single gram of turd after two hours of pushing, sweating, teeth clenching, screeming in frustration, and holding breath for a half gram of green mold shit.

JOE
That's why he can't sit still and leave us kids alone. You were just expressing your opinion, John… And he probably gets a lot of splash back too when he's pushing that hard.

JANE
I agree totally. It must feel like a woman giving birth or something...He ass-raped you. He's such a rapist.

JOE
He ass-raped probably half of the kids in the class.

JOHN
He ass-rapes us all. Isn't that what high school teachers do?

JOE
Such an old constipated wicked man.

JOHN
I wanna kill him.

JANE
I wanna watch him bleed like the way he made us kids bleed.

JOHN
I wish I'd win the five million dollar jackpot.

(John moves over one to the five million dollar slot and starts playing.

AOL news

Scene 2

(Mr. Brownstone enters the casino and heads toward the three teenagers direction. Teenagers see him.)

JOHN

Shit!

(He turns his head away from Mr. Brownstone.)

JANE

That old—

(She turns her head away from the man. Joe does the same. Mr. Brownstone sits right behind them.)

JOE
(Whispers.)
Let's get out of here, guys.

(Mr. Brownstone turns and notices them. A menacing grin appears on his face.)

MR. BROWNSTONE
Hey, guys. John, Jane, Joe. What are you guys doing here? Aren't you guys a little too *young* (shouts) to be here. Don't you have to be twenty-one? You guys are only *seventeen* (shouts).

(The three teenagers think for a moment and look away pretending he doesn't exist.

JOHN
Did you hear something, Joe, Jane?

JOE

Nope.

JANE

Not a thing.

AOL news

JOHN
Is it me or do I smell evil around here?

JANE
Not just evil but old too.

JOE
Old is bad enough. You mix evil with old, and rotting turd--hell on earth.

MR. BROWNSTONE
(Lowering his voice.)
You fucking little kids. Don't you publicly humiliate me! You know what I can do to you at school on Monday?

JOHN
I feel a satanic presence around me. Do you guys feel it?

JOE
Absolutely.

JANE
Do you remember...what's his name. Mr. Brownstone. Our current math teacher.

JOE
Ha! That old fart! I hate that man!

JOHN
Do you know what he reminds me of.

JOE
What?

JANE
Tell us, John!

JOHN
The song by Guns N' Roses called Mr. Brownstone. The song was about their heroin addiction.

JANE
Oh, I love that song!

JOE
That is my favorite song of all time. It goes…

AOL news

(sings.)

I get up around seven
Get outta bed around nine
And I don't worry about nothin' no
Cause worryin's a waste of my…time.

JANE

(sings.)

The show usually starts around seven
We go on stage around nine
Get on the bus about eleven
Sippin' a drink and feelin' fine.

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(sing.)

We've been dancing with
Mr. Brownstone
He's been knockin'
He won't leave me alone.

JOHN

(sings.)

I used ta do a little but a little wouldn't do
So the little got more and more
I just keep tryin' ta get a little better
Said a little better than before.

JANE

(Jane repeats what John just sang.)

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(sings louder.)

We've been dancing with
Mr. Brownstone
He's been knockin'
He won't leave me alone.

AOL news

JOHN

Here comes the best part.

(Sings.)

Now I get up around whenever
I used ta get up on time
But that old man he's a *real muthafucker*
Gonna kick him on down the line.

(Stops singing.)

That's what Mr. Brownstone, our teacher, is--a real muthafucker!

JANE

Just leave the fuck us alone, muthafucker!

JOE

This is far worse than any heroin addiction. We would rather be addicted to the most powerful heroin than be fucked by this old muthafucker!

JOHN

(sings louder.)

That old man he's a REAL MUTHAFUCKER gonna kick him down the line!

MR. BROWNSTONE

(Menacing evil look appears on his face.)

JOHN

(Smiling, he turns, inserts quarters, and pulls the handle of the slot. The symbol lines up and he wins the jackpot. The bell rings, the siren goes off. His smile turns into a daze.)

What? I won? I won?

AOL news

(Jane and Joe beam at him.)

JANE

You won!

JOE

You won, my man!

JANE, JOE

Mmmm, mmm. Mmm, mmm.

(Joe and Jane throw their arms around John. Jane kisses the right side of his face, Joe kisses the left side of his face.)

JOHN

(Holds up the five million dollar ticket in the air.)

We're rich! No more Mr. Brownstone! No more Mr. Brownstone, you old muthafucker! Fuck you old man. We're rich, we're rich!

(Blue uniformed casino official comes to them with two security guard. A smile appears on Mr. Brownstone's face.)

CASINO OFFICIAL

Congratulations--

MR. BROWNSTONE

(Bends his waist, pretends to be a senior citizen, and talks in an old dry voice.)

That's mine. These seventeen year old kids pushed me over when they saw that I won. These underaged gangsters shouldn't even be in here. These disrespectful hooligans!

CASINO OFFICAL

Is that so!

AOL news

(After checking their driver's licenses with the onsite police officer, he signals the security guards to take them out.)

JOHN

No! No! Please sir! No!

CASINO OFFICAL

Get outta here kids, and don't come back!

(Snatches the ticket from John and hands it to Mr. Brownstone.)

CASINO OFFICAL (cont'd to Brownstone)

I am so sorry about those gangsters, sir. We'll beef up our security. Are you alright sir?

(He hands Mr. Brownstone the ticket. Brownstone smiles.)

JOHN, JOE, JANE

(As being dragged out.)

You won't get away with this, Brownstone! You old muthafucker! Muthafucker! Muthafucker!

AOL news